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W. Landon, Principal of the Burlington High School; 3rd, a copious Index, with cross-references, to both the con-

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As Follows:

Corrected to Jan. 28, 1894.

SEERSESSER MYVIIIE

a Bage bir

Exbress

VOL. XIII. NO. 18.

MORRISVILLE AND HYDE PARK, VT., THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1894.

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And they haint no shine on them shoeso' his,
And his hair hain't cut, but his eye-teeth is.
Old John Henry!

He feeds hisself when the stock's all fed-Old John Henry— And he sleeps like a babe when he goes to bed ams o' heaven and home-made says Cld John Henry. le ain't refined as 'a'd ort to be,
'o fit the statuted bootsy,
er his clothes than but he fils me.

Olderoan Henry. -New York Ledger.

By HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS.

Copyright, 1890, by the Century Company. All CHAPTER I. I have little doubt but many people

In middle Georgia yet remember Crawford Worthington, who in antebellum days kept open house in Baldwin county. Major Worthington, as he was called because of some fancied aid he had extended to his country during the diffitutions admitted of the wildest eccenters," where dwelt the negroes



ence Independ the was. No prince ever ruled water stay is notenit than this bachelor planter, surrounded by his blacks and acknowledging none

other than his own will. This marked character was a man be ow medium height. His figure inclined very decidedly to portliness, and beyond a long, narrow mustache and thin imperial of black and gray his face was clean shaven. Iron gray hair in abundance crept out from under the white felt hat he generally wore, and his mixed suit of gray was illumined by a ruffled shirt and broad spreading

Self willed and eccentric are weak words with which to stamp this gentleman's actions. In the long days of his idleness, when the legislature was not in session, the negro was an unfailing source of amusement and study to him and his sole diversion, for he despised books from the day he left college, and beyond a sporting journal and a paper from a neighboring city he had no periodical. Of course he was a Whig. Upon the day which I have selected to open a page in the experience of Major Crawford Worthington he was sitting upon his broad veranda, which swept back from the front around to the shady eastern exposure and overlooked the spacious back yard. Twoscore pickanninies in short shirts had scrambled in front of him for small silver coins as he scattered them upon the ground beneath. The tears wrung from him by their contortions and funny postures had dried opon his cheeks, and weary of the sport he had turned

away the black athletes by means of a few gourds of cold water skillfully applied to their half clad forms, had settled back to enjoy the afternoon and fell a-dreaming. He remembered, in that easy method common to dreams, how years before he had sat upon that same perch watching a favorite old negro catching chick-ens in the yard. "Isam!" he had said, and moving with jerky little motions that seemed always to attune themselves

to his master's moods as expressed in his tones Isam had minced up the steps. "Isam," he had continued, "you are fixing to run away!" He remembered the startled look that

swept over the funny little man's countenance and haswer:
"Lord muss; Mass' Craffud, who-"Yes, sir, and you are fixing to start right away.'

There had been genuine grief in the negro's voice as he replied: 'Fo' Gawd, Mass' Craffud, you dun got de wrong nigger dis time. Isam is nigh onter 50 year ole, en he ain' nev'r lef' de place on er run yet. No, sah!' Isam, however, spurred on by the suggestion, had really run off, and the overseer had scoured the country for him in vain. The black was enjoying freedom beyond recall, but one morn-



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SPECIAL SALE SATISFACTORY WALL PAPERS change that came over Isam was lu-Send s cents for postage. 100 samples half price. F. H. CABY, Providence, R. I., guarantees to suit you.

Send s cents for postage. 100 samples half price. B. H. CABY, Providence, R. I., and chattered out:

ed the table were busy with flybrush honey! You mout let de meanes' nigg'r | fortably out here. and waffles, Isam suddenly stood in the on to place and our dere ain no doorway. His clothes were torn and tell:a w'at 'd happ'n. You git de soiled, and his face wore a hangdog chill 'n fev' 'n cat' piller 'n bad craps, look that was in truth comical. Since sho's yer torn. Oh. Lordy, Lordy, that day old Isam had run away an- Lordy! Dere, now, t'ank de Lord!" nually about the same time of the year, Tho major had calmly persisted in his and this without any apparent cause.

ken years ago. "Yes, sir," and the jerky little tones

were the same. "You are fixing to run away, Isam!" "Me!" and again that reproachful, rotesting voice. "Yes, you; just as you have for

I have had my eye on you for a week. But," said the major, fixing his line as he hurried along. after the Worthington fashion, "I am and why you go. the negro spoke:

"Mass' Crared, 'deed en I dunno me, en I'm gone 'fo' I know't. En nev'r had dat fev'r 'fo' er sence on de dat's er sollum fac', sho." when it strikes yeu. It is a relief to extensive knowledge of the subject, get rid of you occasionally. But if you "ef dem folks had n' burn de light upon the little heap of tobacco he con-

when you come back-if I don't"-And Isam believed him.

CHAPTER II. Isam's annual runaway freak had worried Major Worthington more than anything of like importance he had culty with Mexico, was not a type- ever confronted. He cared not an iota civilized state. At odd seasons the thoughtful," and laughing softly to unless to be one of many singular char- for his lost time, nor for his bad ex- old instinct crops out and regains con- himself Isam retired to his meal. acters in a region whose peculiar insti- ample, but it galled him to think that trol of us. Major Worthington had be finished and stuffed his own cob pipe My banker here knows nothing about there was anything in connection with entered upon his brief lapse into savtricities can constitute a type. He | negro that he could not fathom. In agery, though he did not realize it. Ill lived in the midst of peace and plenty | this old negro he had at last found a | adapted as he was for foot journeys of upon his plantation not many miles running and a mystery that evaded his considerable length, the flush of new from Milledgeville, surrounded by sev- penetration. Study as he might, no freedom sustained him. eral hundred slaves with whom he was satisfactory explanation could ever be upon singular but easy terms. His secured. Year after year about the 1st last. A halt must perforce soon have meat es thicker too. Dat bacon en hoebroad, rolling fields, his almost bound- of July his factorum failed to appear, been ordered, when Isam plunged over cake hard ter beat, but dey don' half less pastures, his solemn fronted and and the place that had known him so a sharp decline and indicating a long fill de bill wid er run'way nigg'r. Des tall columned house, his comfortable long knew him no more for a fortnight. line of paler green and a denser growth | wait twell we git er mess er redbelly It was seldom that the major ever | in front exclaimed

threatened a servant. Never before in his life had a threat been leveled at Isam, who was a privileged character next morning a knock was heard at the | ready pitched his bundle. major's window. That individual unwould find Isam on hand. He was not

"It's dun struck me, Mass' Craffud, en I's 'bliged ter go," said Isam. "Ah!" said the major, "then we'll talk it over first.' Isam sat upon the steps, the major in his old rocker, and talk it over they did, until a pale glimmer trembled in the east. What passed between them no one ever learned, but finally the major rose, and preceded by Isam, who

bore a pack that gave him the appear-out straight across the fence and the fields, disappearing in the woods beyond. Only the hounds knew when they left, and these tugged at their chains with noisy pleadings, but in vain. When day finally rolled in with streaming banners, Woodhaven was without its master, and the overseer, too much accustomed to the eccentricities of that absent power to worry over his sudden departure, reigned in his stead.

The path of the runaways led first diacre in extent, that stood out in the This was the burial ground, where without regard to order or system the graves of glass, broken cups, abandoned cans | press was motionless, and his hand and other treasures of the trash heap, were folded peacefully in his lap. dotted the shadowy depths. These

grimly as he said: "You don't come this way, Isam, when you run off by yourself.' The sound of a human voice was reassuring, and the negro answered cheerily; ole Isam. All dem 'n dere is dun boun en sot." "And what the deuce is 'bound and

The major's inquiry betrayed impatience rather than curiosity. He knew well how secretive is the negro of any class when interrogated in connection with his superstitions. Isam shook his

"Lor sakes, Mass' Craffud, don' you know all 'bout dat?" "No," said the major testily; "if 1 did I wouldn't be wasting breath asking a fool nigger.

"Well," said Isam, willing to compromise in the interest of peace, "w'en er sperrit gits out'n de flesh, de only way hit can be boun en sot ca ter plug er tree." He stepped in front of a broken pine near the path and examined it critically. "Dere's er plug roun hyah fur mi'ty nigh ev'y wun dem graves, ef yer knows where ter look."

"What do you mean by this nonsense Isam? Do you expect me to swallow such stuff?" "Hit's er fac', Mass' Craffad. Der now, dere's er plug, sho' nuff."

Years before-Major Worthington re membered it then-he had come across a split pine from which a half dozen of these plugs had fallen and was surpris-



nails, bits of glass, red pepper and tar and sprinkled with the blood of a meal. hairs from the head of the deceased and pan," he said sententiously, "but er a piece of a garment that had been worn tuss rate app'tite kin git des' es good son of the year simply needs cleansing; next the skin. Each ingredient had an er grip on er flip or bacon es hit kin on important significance, but exactly er yaller leg' chicken." this day, unless some aged voodoo lin- the major. "Get your flip, you black ed out. Only a practiced eye in broad daylight would have been apt to discover dan' wan' no wite folks roun. He purify and dissolve the excess of uric for its character, why, that is perplexing them. He deliberately took out his knife and began to pick at a plug. The wan'ter git off en mon do pan 'thout out feeling, make you sleep and eat out feeling.

alone, and his two servants who attend- "Don't, Mass' Craffud, don' do it hard for an honest nigger to live com-Evidently this was what the major blade snapped. With a great pretense went upon his face like shadows un- blade until finally, sure enough, out der the swaying mimosa. And when at fell the plug. In an instant the negro last his eyes fell again upon the old ne-

rears. You are getting ready to start. as much as he could do to keep up.

going to know this time where you go | g'r dnn got loos' en 'gun his curvortin There was silence a full mi rute; then | ed er tree ov'r dere, en seben er dem | once more. "En I reck'n w'en he see 'zartly how et is. Hit jes' sorter strikes las' one uv 'm died spang dead. Ain' "Well," said the major, "then go Isam, now anxious to communicate his get off this time without letting me | fum dat tree nuthin'd happ'n. Bet knowwhenyoustartl'lleutyourearaoff you can't git er nigg'r 'n Baldwin

> CHAPTER III. The human race has certainly been evolved from a barbaric into a partly

" 'Mos' dere now!" The major knew the place. It was the line of the Oconee river mapped in about the house. It was not surpris- verdure. Reaching the welcome shade, ily. Skirting the swamp, Isam soon

derstood it, and quietly donning his clothes went outside, assured that he which, after all, is merely thinking paddle. aloud, Isam brought from the well filled depths of his kit a small stone



"Dun foun er noo spring," he said, of departed negroes, covered with bits but the man propped against the cy-Stooping down, Isam peered cautious

Craffud, Mass' Craffud!" No answer Getting down on his knees, he carefully inserted with a spoon a few drops "Yessir. Ain' nuthin go'n ter tech of the beverage between the lips of the sleeper and allowed them to percolate downward. As the "apple" of the

> down again into place he whispered: "Mass' Craffud, es yer dun fainted?" The eyes opened, and the major sat bolt upright. The next minute he drained off the drink and sat contemplating the honest face, in whose eyes

was a peculiar look. "T'ank de goodness!" exclaime Isam. "I bin er holdin dis hyah julup hyah fur half er hour. Ain' nev'r known you ter balk at er julup 'fo' en

40 yeaurs!" "That came in the right time, Isam,

good, but hit ain' good ter ask er stray hen w'at's layin en your orchud whar the belong er how many teef she got.' The major realized that he had become a guest. He laughed, sank back against the tree and soon again was lost in slumber. When he awoke, there had been a decided change in his surroundings. A low fire burned a few yards away, and sundry flips of bacon were browning in a frying pan set jauntily thereon, while from the ashes

"'Tain' but er bite," said Isam apol en den you see w'at hit es ter be loos' 'en

To be loose and free! The major fixed his eyes upon the old negro as he produced tin platters from his kit an

"Dere aiu' no spring chick'n en der "There is something in that," said rascal, and go to eating." But Isam

TERMS \$1.50.

Isam's face took on a look of personal up the ashes and inserting fresh cake, 'don' eat no mo' out hyah den he do at home, not a bit. Rushuns es rashuns efforts to extract a plug until his knife empywhar you fine 'em. En I hear say," he continued significantly, "w'en was thinking of, for smiles came and of rage he persisted with the broken folks goes er vis'tin dey don' 'quire es ter de year marks uv de pig. w'en backbone en spar' ribs en chine es sot out.'

> sound, Isam. "En der only time w'en folks w'at's vis'tin got er right ter git der backs up es w'en de gem'man feed 'esse'f high en

With an air of dignity the old negro gathered up the remnants of the spread, the major having finished and retired to but he was doomed to further delay. A most profine ejaculation fell from the major's lips and came to his cars.

"Des' es I said, dere 'tis ergin-terbacker now." He put aside the repast Nevertheless he produced it, with a handful of corncob pipes, and cutting a place. But dey do say," continued reed stem handed to the major the finest smoking outfit in the world. As Isam skillfully balanced a glowing coal

> "Somehow nuther sump'n said 'bout time de runaway noshun struck in, 'Isam, you go'n ter see com'ny terday, and hit's go'n ter be Mass' Craffud, ' so I des laid in er bag spesh'ly fur 'm." The major merely drew in and expelled a cloud of smoke. He contented himself with saying, "You are very

full of "natural leaf" and periquebrought along especially for his master -Isam cast his eye skyward. "Mos' 10 er'clock. Mus' be movin out er hyah. Bimeby overseer en houn

go'n, Mass' Craffud." ing therefore that just before daybreak he dropped down where Isam had al- found a hog path, and presently the intend to go abroad. I never heard of runaways came in sight of the river. Mumbling after the fashion of old A batteau was tied up in a little branch

"Isam," said the major as he clambered in, "how does it happen that you jug. Soon, after certain rites and cere- find a beat and ax all ready here, and the tion from his London banker.—New runaway notion only struck you just be- York Sun.

fore day this morning?" Isam shook his head as he chuckled: "Hit ain' de rite time er day ter 'splain t'ings, Mass' Craffud. Dere ain' no tellin w'at time dem houn's go'n ter strike er hot trail, en de tree dat you kin clime ain' go'n ter lif' you out'n de reach uv a dog." The little propelled by vigorous strokes, shot of onto the river, and gliding under the willows bore its passengers swiftly

(Concluded next week.)

The Advancement of Women. "What shall we do with our girls?" isn't such a hard question to answer as | the wood gatherer was compelled to use it used to be, and now I think of it, his ax upon the big log. Some time aft-"What shall we do with our boys!" is er this an ice gorge came down the river growing to be something of a problem. and carried away a section of the bridge Girls are branching out in a manner cal- that crossed to the railroad station on culated to strike terror to your heart, the other side. It was necessary for the when you consider the fact that they are sawmill owner to catch a certain train expected to inhabit that realm popularly | that day to get to the city so as to make referred to as "sphere" and look up to a | connection for New York. man, depending upon him, believing in him, deferring to him, and the problem about the boys is how to make them to only one on that side of the stream bematch her. The women have been made longed to the old wood gatherer. to match the men for a long time-in fact, ever since the Creater invented Mis-

tress Eve. It really looks as though circumstances were hedging about us that rather compel us to fashion the boys after a better pattern in order to make them a match for the girls. It's rather a good sort of a scheme, and it leads up to a host of better things, such as we have been led to believe belonged to the millennium.

The advancement of women has regularly been the cause of sowing the seeds of socialism among the entire sex. They you can't have it. You can just cross are gradually learning to demand more things-justice, among others-and to learn that they only obtain by demanding .- Haryot Holt Cahoon.

Mr. Henry Furniss, the caricaturist of Punch, has been compiling a list of the unlucky dates connected with Gladstone's home rule bill. Here they are as he read them at the recent annual dinner of the Thirteen club: Home rule bill introduced on the 13th of February.

Passed third reading on a Friday. And thrown out by the lords on a Fri-Friday, Mr. Gladstone refused an interview with the Irish Unionists. March 13, second reading originally

Read first time on a Friday

July 13, Mr. Balfour opposed in and Friday, Duke of Devonshire spoke at the great meeting at Edinburgh. Home rule rejected. House adjourned Coal strike began on a Friday.

Government arranged conference on a Settled on a Friday.

Tamping and Ramming Boreholes An innovation in mining work is an invention for tamping and ramming boreholes. The hole itself is made of a smaller diameter at the inner end where the cartridge is placed. A small wood disk rests against the shoulder transferred the smoking viands, humble | made by the smaller hole and protects but savory, from the frying pan. The the cartridge. The tamping consists of very little credit to a flying machine. words haunted him, and as the smoke | blocks of compressed clay, which are | London News. arose there floated upon his vision pic- broken up in the hole by the rammer. tures of boyhood's escapades. Isam had The disk, blocks and rammer head are belonged to him from his own infancy. | all perforated so that they can be threadthough for the first 15 years the ques- ed on to the fuse wires. Clay blocks tion of ownership seemed altogetha: are made at a very cheap rate by a sim- who was exhibiting his chief treasure-a ansettled, for the negro was five or six | ple machine, and by their use uniformyears the senior. How they had hunt- ity in the tamping material is secured. Maach April, May. March, April and May are the arch-

es of a bridge which bind the season of ice to that of roses. Therefore the age person. The system at this sea- than 2,000 years old." remove the impurieties from the blood cure that growing trouble, constipa- had no idea there were any tables as old tion, and you will be able to battle as that. Is its history authentic? What with the coming seasons in perfect is its character?" health. Dr. David Kennedy's Favor- "Oh, it's very simple," added the ite Remedy, more than any other other. "It's the multiplication table. medicine will do this for you. It will Its history is perfectly anthentic, and as "It seems to me," said the major, as | well. It is prescribed by physicians

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Professor Mason's Experience at the Ameri can Embassy in London. Dr. William P. Mason, professor of chemistry in the Rensselaer Polytechnic institute at Troy, who returned the other day from a trip through Europe, gives this account of the reception he met with at the United States embassy in London "It was the most bumiliating thing I ever heard of," Professor Mason said with great indignation. "I had visited the great educational centers of central and southern Europe, and through the courtesy of our embassadors, who furnished me with letters of introduction, I was enabled to study the colleges and universities as thoroughly as I wanted

nique, where the rules governing the admission of visitors are very strict. "When I reached London, I wanted to visit the Royal Military academy at Woolwich. Baedeker's guidebook says that no visitor is admitted there without a card of identification from the minister or embassador of his country.

that took place: "'Can you give me a card that will admit me to the Woolwich academy? "'You will have to present some iden-

" 'Here is my passport. "'That is not enough. "'Not enough? What the devil is a passport for anyway? Here is a description of my person, and here is my signa-

cient. You'll have to bring a letter from " 'Well, here is my letter of credit

suffice for you? "'No. You will have to bring a letter 'But supposing I had no banker?

"'No, sir. It would not." "Well, I went away pretty angry. would keep it to show to Americans who such an outrageous thing before. If a passport isn't sufficient identification in the eyes of a United States embassador, what is it good for anyway?" Professor Mason showed the reporter

his passport and the letter of identifica In a small village up the river there is man who makes his living by catching

it and selling it for various purpose Some time ago he caught an extraordinarily large log, which was too thick for him to chop with his ax. He went to the owner of a sawmill, one of the influen tial men of the town, and requested the loan of his crosscut saw.
"No," said the mill owner, "I won't loan my saw to be dulled." "But I can sharpen it again if I dull it," persisted the man. But the saw was refused, and

He went to the bridge, and finding it impassable looked about for a skiff. The

"Go up to old Blank's house and tell him I want the key to his skiff," said the mill owner to his coachman, who was carrying his valise.

"Why, I'm in a hurry and want your boat to cross the river," was the impatient reply. "You do, do you?" retorted the wood gatherer in a dignified manner. "Well,

Flying Machines. Benjamin Franklin us d to compare would presently come to man's estate, Our aerial achievements are still literally "in the air," the flights of our best aeronauts are involuntary. They are "blown about with every wind." It is true that the parachute has been brought to considerable perfection, but that is not

a spring board, or from a steep hill, he

has flown down that distance. As for the aerial machines of various kinds that are to "revolutionize warfare" by dropping dynamite over cities and armies, they may be marvels of mechanical science, but they have never yet "risen to the occasion," or even risen at all. Even the "Maxim" invention has, I understand, "never left the rails," which, although a great virtue in a losomotive, is

"That must be an antique," remarked a visitor to a collector of bric-a-brac, Landsomely carved oak table.

"Indeed it is," replied the other proudly, "I believe it to be the finest and oldest specimen of furniture extant." "It may be the finest, but not the oldest," remarked the other. "Why, I have an Arabic table at home which dates before the beginning of the Chrisspring is a trying time for the aver- tian era. In fact it is known to be more

not a little nettled by the remark. "!

Value CONSUMPTIVE

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much as possible.

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ars off. We have a few COON and DOG Coats left at prices way down.

7.15 P. M. tion 8.25 p. m.; Burlington 8.55 p. m.; Connects with Night Express for Troy and New York, Boston via Nashua, sleeping cars; Connects at Essex Junction with Express for Montreal, Chicago and the West. Pullman sleeping car Essex Junction to Chicago without change. Fur Sets, Collars and Cuffs, Mixed train, leaving Jeffersonville 5.30 a.m., connects at Essex Junction with Express Mail for Boston via Lowell or Fitchburg; New York, via Troy or Springfield. were \$6.50; to close at \$5.00.

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GOOD POSTS

and get them home while the sleighing is good. H. P. Munson, Morrisville, Vt.

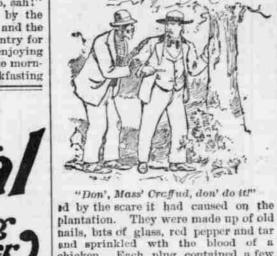
Lamoille County

Sun of England,

ev'r hyah de like er dat?"







chicken. Each plug contained a few -Latest United States Government what it was no one knew or knows to gers in the land and holds the secret. The major examined the signs point-

again, and with his back to the tree was begging so piteously the major could not "All right, idiot," he said laughing-"Lead the way. I won't trouble | feed t' others low." Isam moved off without much ado, and the major, who was not built for running races and climbing fences, had allay the pangs of an increased appetite, The negro wagged his head eminously "Dere ain' no tellia but w'at dat nigroun 'fo' now. One time lightnin bust- and grumblingly investigated the kit plugs drap out. En dat summer de ty- dis yer bag er terbacker he go'n ter phoid fev'r struck seben nigg'rs, en de | want hits ped'gree all way back."

county ter burn eny mo' uv de lightnin's light 'ud, en mi'ty few go'n ter rake pine straw 'bout dere."

But the unwonted exercise told at be long in er hurry. Got ter git whar

monies appropriate to the occasion, h rectly past a growth of plum bushes, an approached the major, and with a triopen field, a small forest in itself. bler of red liquid from which gracefully arose a small forest of mint.

glimmered faintly in the gray half ly under the broad hat brim, with the light, and Isam shivered slightly as he | whispered ejaculation: "Lor ble passed. The movement did not escape | my soul, of he ain' dun gone ter sleep. the notice of the major, who smiled I recken dat las' 10 railer was pow'ful wurrin ter 'r man 'r his fat. Mass'

tightened throat darted up and glided

and it's good whisky," said the major heartily. "Where did you get it?" "Yessir," chuckled the negro, "hit's

beneath the brown ends of hoecakes proogetically, "but des wait tell de fish git mixed up wid dem sum er dese days,

ed and strayed off and set gums for rab- -St. Louis Globe-Democrat, bits and spares for birds and robbed nests! Loose and free! Old Isam surplantation. They were made up of old veyed with would satisfaction the ma-

> shook his head. "No, sah. W'en er nigg'r feeds, he

"Your idea of etiquette is perfectly

to. In Paris Mr. Eustin, whom I had never met before, gave me a letter upon the strength of my passport which enabled me to visit the Ecole Polytech

went to the United States embassy and saw the secretary who had charge of those affairs. This is the conversat

tification,' he said. ture, all attested by the secretary of

me. He only gives me money on the strength of my signature, which is written on my letter of credit. Won't that

from him. Wouldn't my passport suffice then? go'n ter b'gin ter start. Time we uz simply to see if he would give me one on the strength of my letter of credit), but The major rose and followed cheer- I did not use it in London. I thought I

the floating wood ont of the river, drying

The coachman returned in a short time with the wood gatherer in tow. "What do you want, Mr. L-P"asked the old man.

the river on your crosscut saw." And the business man had to postpone starting for New York until the next day .- Pittsburg Dispatch. the balloon of his day to a child who He thought the aerostation was in embryo, and in due time would do marvelous things. But his aspirations, one may now say, were too sanguine.

flying, but falling. It is something to be able to fall softly from a great height, but it is not much. It hardly seems worth while to go up so far in order to come down again This reflection applies to the very latest improvements in the science. The winged man of Steglitz has, we are told, "ac couplished a journey of 250 yards," but this merely means that, starting from a tower he has built for the purpose with

"You surprise me," said the collector,

Best thing to do when you go shopping with ladies-take notes.